

ture. Examine the Proverbs and our Saviour's discourses. How full of plain direct invitations to listen to serious instruction! What I most fear is, and alas! I see it in my own children, and have to struggle against it as a great evil in their religious education—by forming a relish for the excitement of the imagination and of strong feelings, such as many of the religious books which they read produce, they are in great danger of losing their relish for the simple, solemn, perceptive, didactic style of the Bible and its plain narrative."

The following anathema is the modern formula now used in Hungary by all Protestants when they renounce Christianity, and receive "the mark of the beast." It is extracted from that valuable work, "Henry and Antonia."

Prot. Vind.

Romish Confession of Faith avowed by the proselytes from Protestantism to Popery in Hungary.—"We confess that the Romish doctrine is the catholic, pure, divine, saving, old and true doctrine—but the Protestant doctrine is false, erroneous, blasphemous, heretical, damning, seditious, ungodly, &c.; hence we curse our parents who educated us in the heretical faith.—We also curse those who raise in our minds any doubt of the Roman catholic faith. We curse the books we have read, which contain the blasphemous doctrines. We also curse all those works which we have read whilst we lived in the heretical faith, that we may not be answerable for them before God at the last day. We moreover swear that as long as a drop of blood runs in our veins, we will pursue that accursed Protestant faith in every way, secretly and openly, with force and fraud; clam et aperte, violentor, et fraudulenter, in word and deed, and even with the sword."

WELSH BAPTISTS.

According to the best information we can obtain, there are at present in Wales, two hundred and fifty Baptist meeting-houses, and about as many other stated preaching places, for lectures on Sunday and week day evenings, which are regularly supplied with the preaching of the gospel by Baptist ministers not once a month, but every week, and in some places, three or four times a week, besides Lord's days. This is owing not only to the number, but also to the diligence of the Welsh preachers, and to a plan which is there adopted to defray their travelling expenses, as well as an acknowledgment of gratitude from the churches for their labors of love. Although the Welsh churches do not give much to their ministers, yet an instance has never occurred of their letting a regular minister, in good standing, go from them, without giving him something.

The travelling ministers receive a stated sum for each sermon, so that a man of strong constitution, who can preach twice every day, as Christmas Evans, John Elias, and others do, would receive a considerable amount for his services. For this purpose the churches have a fund or treasury, into which the people cast their contributions, so that no collection is made when the minister is present. The whole number of Baptist communicants in Wales is about 35,000.—*Davis's History of Welsh Baptists.*

From the New York Weekly Messenger.

MESSIAH.

"All things were created by him and for him."

When the prophets who have been since the world began, spoke in vision of the promised Messiah, and of the glory that would follow his appearance upon earth, they spoke as they were moved by his own Holy Spirit, "for the spirit of Christ is the spirit of prophecy"—their rapt and rapturous descriptions were not flights of the imagination—were not intended to embellish their theme with grandeur not its own—but the words of soberness and truth.

In perusing the Scriptures, it must have arrested the attention of even a cursory reader, that in them there is a hidden sense inscrutable to the mere reader, whether his mind be of a literary or illiterate caste. There is a veil over the eyes of such readers they cannot see, from the morbid condition of their heart. They desire not to see, in the sublime aspirations of praise and promise, anything more than poetic drapery, such as might be expected in the sacred books of any religion, and more especially in those of eastern origin, and abounding with eastern imagery.

But to the Christian, to whom is gratuitously imparted the grace of life—the knowledge of the source of all spiritual life is at the same time given. He, also, according to the measure of the gift of Christ, sees him as he is, and with even clearer discovery of his ineffable glory, as God manifest in the flesh—for there was a mystery in this incarnation, which not only prophets, but angels, desired to look into, and could not comprehend.

The Christian, however, by reason of the present imperfection of his nature, sees only as through a glass, darkly, this same mystery of Christ, made known by his advent, his ministry, his miracles, his death, his resurrection, his gift of the Holy Spirit! These facts are continually dwelt upon from the pulpit and the press. Still how few are there who really give their minds and hearts to the contemplation of the truths thus inculcated!

Were the Christian frequent in recurrence to the sacred Scriptures—did he meditate on them by day and by night, it would clear the mind of much of its incertitude—the heart would dilate, and rise superior to every oppressing grief, and the affections of mind and heart be set on the proper object, the Lord Christ, in the brightness of the Father's glory, and express image of his person.

Why should the Christian be discouraged at any event occurring in Providence? Who is meant by Providence? Is there any other who has all power in heaven and on earth, save He who is head over all principalities and powers wherever known or named—and who directs every event so as to bear on the best interests

of his body, the Church? Since he gave himself for it, will he not take care to provide for her wants—protect her from her foes—make their wrath to praise him—restrain the remainder of it? Assuredly he will. He has promised so to do. The heathen are his inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth are his possession. Say unto Zion, thy God reigneth. BETA.

Perhaps there never was a day when the reasoning contained in the following extract would more fully apply than now; and it applies to all men who obey not the gospel.

From Saurin's Sermon on the Sufficiency of Revelation—Text, Luke xvi, 27—31.

Infidels through depraved passions, it must be granted, are very numerous. I cannot help asking, why, on every other article but that of religion, our infidels content themselves with a certain degree of evidence, whereas on this they cannot see in the clearest light? The more we examine, the clearer we perceive, that the reason originates in the passions: other subjects either very little, or not at all, interest their passions: these they see; religion sways the passions; to religion therefore they are blind. Whether the sun revolve round the earth, to illuminate it; or whether the earth revolve round the sun, to beg, as it were, light and influence from it: whether matter be infinitely divisible; or whether there be atoms, properly so called; whether there be a vacuum in nature; or whether nature abhor a void;—take which side we will on these questions we may continue covetous or ambitious, imperious, oppressive, and proud. Pastors may be negligent, parents careless, children disobedient, friends faithless. But whether there be a God: whether he have appointed a day, in which he will judge the world with righteousness, Acts xvii, 31, whether an eye, an invisible eye, watch all our actions, and discover all our secret thoughts; these are questions which shock our prejudices, attack our passions, thwart and disconcert all our whole system of cupidity.

Unbelievers whose passions are interested in infidelity, are affected in this manner; and nothing can be easier to prove, than that the resurrection of a dead person would produce no conviction of truth in them. Enter into your own hearts, my brethren; the proof of our proposition may be found there. The sentiments of the heart have a close connection with the ideas of the mind, and our passions resemble prisms, which divide every ray, and color every object with an artificial hue.

For example: Employ a sensible christian to reconcile two enemies, and you will admire the wise and equitable manner, in which he would refute every sophism, that passion could invent. If the ground of complaint should be exaggerated, he would instantly hold the balance of equity, and retrench what anger may have added to truth. If the offended should say, he hath received a grievous injury, he would instantly answer, that between two jarring christians, it is immaterial to inquire, in this case, the degree of iniquity and irrationality in the offence; the immediate business, he would say, is the reasonableness of forgiveness. If the offended should allege, that he hath often forgiven, he would reply, this is exactly the case between the Judge of the world and his offending creatures, and yet, he would add, the insulting of a thousand perfections, the forgetting of a thousand favors, the falsifying of a thousand oaths, the violating of a thousand resolutions, do not prevent God from opening the treasures of his mercy to us. If the complainant should have recourse to the ordinary subterfuge, and should protest that he had no animosity in his heart, only he is resolved to have no further intimacy with a man so odious, he would dissipate the gross illusion by urging the example of a merciful God, who doth not content himself with merely forgiving us, but, in spite of all our most enormous crimes, uniteth himself to us by the tenderest relations. Lovely morality, my brethren! Admirable effort of a mind, contemplating truth without prejudice and passions! But place this arbitrator, who preacheth such a morality, in different circumstances. Instead of a referee, make him a party; instead of a mediator between contending parties, put him in the place of one of them. Employ his own arguments to convince him, and, astonishing! he will consider each as a sophism, for his arguments now stand at the tribunal of a heart full of wrath and revenge.—So true it is, that our passions alter our ideas, and that the clearest arguments are divested of all their evidence, when they appear before an interested man.

Do you seriously think, that the divines of the church of Rome, when they dispute with us, for example, on the doctrines of indulgences and purgatory, do you really think, they require proofs and arguments of us? Not they; the more clearly we reason against them, the more furiously are they irritated against us. Merely I see them calculating the profits of their doctrines to themselves, consulting that scandalous book, in which the price of every crime is rated, so much for a murder, so much for assassination, so much for incest, and finding in each part of the inexhaustible revenue of the sins of mankind, arguments to establish their belief. Thus our interested infidels reject the clearest arguments. It is a fixed point with them, that the religion which indulgeth their passion, is the best religion, and that which restrains them most, the worst. This is the rule, that is the touch stone, by which they examine all things. The more proofs we produce for religion, the more we prejudice them against religion; because the more forcible our arguments are, the more effectually we oppose their passions, and the more we oppose their passions the more we alienate them from that religion which opposeth them.

I appeal to experience. The scripture affords us a plain example and a full comment, in the behaviour of the unbelieving Jews who lived in the time of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ preached; he condemned the prejudices of the synagogue; he subverted the favorite carnal systems of the Jews; he attacked the vices of

their superiors; he preached against the irregularity of their morals; he unmasked the hypocritical pharisees. These attacks were sufficient to excite their rage and madness;—and they being disposed to gratify their anger, examined the doctrine of Jesus Christ only for the sake of finding fault with it. Jesus Christ must be destroyed; for this purpose snares must be laid for his innocence, his doctrine must be condemned, and he must be proved, if possible, a false Messiah. They interrogate him on articles of religion and policy; but Jesus Christ gives satisfactory answers to all their questions. They examine his morals; but every step of his life appears wise and good.—They sift his conversation; but every expression is always with grace, seasoned with salt, Col. iv, 6. None of these schemes will effect their designs. The man, say they, preacheth a new doctrine; if he were sent of God, he would produce some proof of his mission; Moses and the prophets wrought miracles. Jesus Christ performeth miracles, he heals the sick, raiseth the dead, calms the winds and the waves, and altereth all the laws of nature. He operateth more than enough to persuade impartial minds. But their passions suggest answers. *This fellow doth not cast out devils, say they, but by Beelzebub the prince of devils, Matt. xii, 21.* But Lazarus, who was raised from the dead, and who is now living among you, speaks in favor of Jesus Christ: Lazarus must be made away; he must be a second time laid in the tomb; all the traces of the glory of Jesus Christ must be taken away; and that light which is already too clear, and which will be hereafter still clearer, must be extinguished, lest it should discover, expose, and perplex us.

This is a natural image of a passionate infidel. Passion blinds him to the most evident truths. It is impossible to convince a man who is determined not to be convinced. One disposition, essential to the knowledge of truth, is a sincere love to it: *The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, Psal. xxv, 14. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself, John vii, 17. This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil, chap. iii, 19.*

Abridged from the Southern Religious Telegraph.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held at the First Presbyterian Church, in Baltimore, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 9th, 10th, and 11th of Sept. 1835.

In the absence of the President, the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Vice President of the Board, took the chair. The Rev. C. Eddy was appointed assistant recording Secretary.

The Report of the Treasurer was made, accepted, and approved. (By this report it appears that the receipts of the Board, the past year, amount to \$163,340 19, and the expenditures to \$163,254 00. The receipts of the past year have exceeded those of the preceding year by \$10,954 09.)

On Wednesday evening, the Rev. Saml. Miller, D. D. delivered, according to appointment, a sermon before the Board.

The time fixed for the next annual meeting of the Board, is the second Wednesday of September, 1836: place, the city of Hartford, Ct.

Election of officers.

Rev. Wm. J. Armstrong, and Danl. Noyes, Esq. were chosen corporate members of the Board, and Sir John Campbell, British Ambassador at the Court of Persia, a corresponding member.

The following executive officers of the Board were elected.

Hon. John C. Smith, of Ct. President.
Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer of N. Y. Vice President.

Rev. C. Chapin, Rec. Sec.
Henry Hill, Esq. Treasurer.

Hon. Saml. Hubbard, Rev. Dr. Fay, Hon. Saml. T. Armstrong, Chas. Stoddard, John Tappan, and Danl. Noyes, Esqrs. Prudential Committee; and

Rev. Messrs. Rufus Anderson, David Greene, and Wm. J. Armstrong, Secretaries of the Board.

Celebration of the Lord's Supper.

At 4 o'clock on Thursday, the Board united with many of the professed disciples and followers of Christ in celebrating the memorial of his death. The services were introduced with an address by Rev. Dr. Woods, followed with singing and prayer, by Rev. Dr. Palmer, and the distribution of the elements, by Drs. McAuley and McDowell, who also addressed the assembly.

Present state of the Board and of its Missions.

Mr. Anderson stated that three general agents had been added during the last year, making eight in all. The whole receipts of the Board are about half as large as those of each of the three principal missionary societies of Great Britain.

During the year, 5 ordained missionaries and 9 assistant missionaries had died; in the same time the Board had sent into the field, 13 ordained missionaries, 3 physicians, 4 printers, 1 teacher and 26 assistant missionaries, in all 47.

The Board has 32 missions, embracing 78 stations—which is 12 more than they reported last year—104 ordained missionaries, of whom 7 are regular physicians, 9 physicians not ordained, 8 printers, 30 other male assistants, and 137 married and unmarried female assistants; in all 305. In addition to these, the Board has five native preachers, and 51 other native assistants.

Churches and Schools.—The missions under the care of the Board, have 41 churches, and 2047 members; and 21,181 pupils receiving a christian education in their schools. The

germs of future colleges have been planted at several of the missions, and in Ceylon a college is now flourishing, with 130 members, three-fourths of whom are pious.

Printing.—Seven languages have been reduced to writing, by the missionaries of the Board, and books printed in them; the New Testament, and portions of the Old, have been printed at the Sandwich Islands, in the language of the natives. The Board has 8 printing establishments; stereotype foundry has been forwarded to two of them during the past year; metallic printing is soon to be provided for China. At these presses, books are printed in nineteen different languages, spoken by 450,000,000 of the human family; one half of the inhabitants of the earth. Printed last year, 6,000,000 pages; whole amount at these presses, 94,000,000 pages.

Mr. Anderson stated that the missions greatly need fifty ordained missionaries at this time, and that the Prudential Committee would send out this number the present autumn, if they had the proper men. They also want 5 or 6 apostolical men in the central regions of Asia, Afghanistan and Thibet, to report their condition, and ascertain what can be done to pour the radiance of the gospel day upon the darkness of their long and dismal night.

MISSIONARY DESIGNATION.

On Thursday evening, the 10th inst. brethren Shuck and Davenport, with their respective partners, were set apart to the great work to which they have solemnly consecrated themselves.

In addition to the brethren resident in the city, we were favored with the presence of Elders Eli Ball, William Hatchett and Thomas Hume, from the country. The assembly was large, and listened with breathless attention to the interesting services. A deep sympathy apparently pervaded the breast of every spectator: a devotional spirit was exhibited which seemed to say that it is good to be here.

Hymn 1136 in Rippon's selection, "Go Missionaries and proclaim," was read by Elder Eli Ball, and sung by the congregation.

Select portions of Scripture, consisting of the 67th Psalm and 60th chapter of Isaiah, were read by Elder Hume.

Elder Hatchett addressed the throne of grace for a blessing on the missionaries, and on the services of the evening.

The two Missionary brethren, Davenport and Shuck, addressed the meeting, briefly detailing the exercises of their minds in relation to the missionary cause, and the reasons which induced them to engage in this work: concluding with an affectionate farewell to all present.

The addresses were succeeded by singing

"Yes, my native land, I love thee."

Elder W. F. Nelson, one of the professors of the institution which has sent forth the two brethren, in a feeling and earnest prayer, commended them and the object in which they were engaged, to the protection and guidance of their heavenly Father.

Elder Keeling then addressed the Missionaries, and bade them God speed. He remarked, that he felt a peculiar pleasure in the thought, that two out of the four missionaries, (Sisters Church and Davenport) had been his pupils. He felt towards them and towards their partners a parental affection; yet it gave him pleasure when he looked at the unspeakable importance of their object, to bid them go in the name of their divine Master.

The right hand of fellowship was given to the missionaries by Elder Eli Ball, with a few simple and touching remarks. Our knowledge of you, my dear brethren and sisters, he observed, has given you a strong hold on our affections, which has continued to increase with our increasing acquaintance. Yet dear as you are to us, and warm as our affection is for you, we rejoice to say to you, Go. Go my dear brethren and sisters, we would not detain you if we could. We approve of the object, and know that it is worthy of the sacrifice you are making. It is in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel, and the command of Christ, and therefore he will bless it, and bless your own souls for thus devoting yourselves to his service. We will not cease to pray for you, to sustain and uphold you. Whilst you descend into the well we will hold the rope, and thus labor together in this blessed cause.

Elder J. B. Taylor, addressed the congregation. After making some remarks on the character and claims of the mission cause, he entered into a brief sketch of missions.

The services were concluded by singing the Christian's hope, the missionary hymn composed by Dr. Sutton.

During the singing of this hymn, the ministering brethren present, took an affectionate farewell of the missionaries, in which they were followed by a large majority of the congregation present. A collection previous to the close of the services was taken in aid of the outfit of the missionaries.

The congregation lingered for some minutes and seemed unwilling to depart.

On Friday morning the missionaries embarked in the steamboat for Boston, from which place they will embark for Siam.

All four were members of churches in our city. Brother Shuck was a member of the Third Church, under the pastoral care of Elder Keeling. Brother Davenport and sister Henrietta Shuck were members of the First Baptist Church, and sister Frances G. Davenport, was a member of the Second Church, and daughter of the predecessor of Elder J. B. Taylor.

The Corresponding Secretary had authorized brother Taylor to draw on him for the amount necessary to defray the expenses of the outfit of the missionaries. But it was thought by the brethren in Richmond that it would be discredit to our state, and an indication of want of affection to this cause, if we should avail ourselves of this offer. They resolved to defray the expense of the outfit, without burthening the Board at Boston. This

they have done as far as their resources permitted, with the aid of some of our brethren in the country.—*Religious Herald—abridged.*

For the Secretary.

Extract of a letter from Br. J. T. Jones, missionary at Bangkok—dated Singapore, April 19, 1835.

Through a most unexampled occurrence in our experience yesterday, numerous letters which we designed for our friends are lost beyond recovery.

As Br. Dean and myself, with G. D. Boardman, were passing to the Cashmere with our letters, we were met by a boat containing five Malays, who at first appeared very friendly. Seeing some plantains in our boat, they begged them, and stepping into the boat apparently to receive them, they instantly pushed me into the sea, and assailed Br. Dean. When he had disengaged himself, they retreated to their own boat, seized fish-spears, which they threw with such power and dexterity as to fasten one with three barbed prongs in his wrist, and another in his back, and a sharp pointed stick in his side. At my earnest call, as soon as practicable our boat approached me, and I in great exhaustion, assisted by Br. Dean, crawled in. As their spears were now exhausted, they assailed us with stones and brick-bats;—at length, with drawn cutlasses and their hands on their cruses, they threatened us with immediate death if we did not deliver them a small box which they saw in our boat. In vain we assured them it contained only letters—nothing which could be of any service to them. They urged their demand—we threw them the box, and made our escape as fast as possible.

It was with great difficulty I could extract the barbarous irons from Br. D., who was suffering the most excruciating pains. One of our boatmen was considerably injured—they were fatigued and faint, but by calling to our assistance another boat which we met, we reached home between 3 and 4 o'clock. I was dreadfully scorched by the vertical sun, having lost my cap and umbrella in the sea. While I was in the water a barbed spear was thrown at me, which entered my clothes and stuck fast, but did not pierce the flesh. Br. Dean's wounds are very severe, but I hope not seriously dangerous—George was unhurt. I know you will unite in praising God for his merciful interposition.

Br. D's wounds were scarcely dressed when we learned that one of the Cashmere's cargo-boats had been robbed, and four men murdered. A few days ago two junks from Canton were destroyed and most of the hands murdered by the pirates in this vicinity. It is supposed nearly 100 persons have lost their lives in this way during the month past.

COLD FEET.

To Messrs. Gales and Seaton, Editors of the National Intelligencer, city of Washington, December the 10th, 1832.

DEAR SIR:—I have had the privilege of making the following extract from a pamphlet on the subject of health, temperance, and long life; and during this cold, wet, dangerous, and disagreeable weather, no doubt many of your readers will be benefited thereby; therefore please to insert it into your useful paper.

A SUBSCRIBER.

EXTRACT.

My Friends:—By writing in a plain style, plain folks may most easily understand what I say; and as an introductory part to the preservation of health, I will say that great part of the sickness throughout the world is caused by dampness, chilliness and uneasiness of the feet; therefore, in the evening, or at any time within the twenty-four hours, bathe them in warm or cold water, whichever best agrees with you. Do this once or twice a week.

Water, thus applied, makes the feet warm, clean and comfortable, preventing that cold, chilly sweatiness, which renders people so liable to take sick.

Don't be afraid of what is vulgarly called "catching cold;" 'tis but a vulgar notion, and in addition may it not be said that pure fresh water is one of the best helps that the Giver of all things hath given us to preserve health and temperance.

Drinking cool fresh water plentifully during the day, or at any time, is in itself one of the best of medicines.

It gives cheerfulness to the mind. Purifies the blood.

Cleanses the stomach and creates appetite. Keeps off much sickness, and consequently promotes health, temperance, and long life; but the stupidity and folly of man throws it to one side seemingly, because it is cheap—may be had for nothing! No good reason has ever yet been given for thus throwing away one of the greatest gifts ever given to man.

WOOLEN SOCKS OR STOCKINGS.

Accustom yourself to wear wool next to the feet. Some people wear woollen or worsted stockings the whole year through.

If you wear other stockings than woollen, then put socks on, (made of flannel,) inside the stocking feet, and change them two or three times a week.

It is a mistaken notion some people have of keeping on their stockings a whole week without changing, as keeping them on so long is apt to tire and blister the feet.

People walk much better, much easier, on wool than on cotton, linen, or silk, as there is an elasticity, a softness and easiness in wool, which linen, cotton, or silk have not.

Furthermore, people wearing woollen covering about the feet, will never take cold, even if they get wet.

Now, by following the above advice, the feet will be kept warm, and it will diffuse an agreeable warmth also throughout the whole system, and counteract the effects of the change of weather.

Friend reader, my doctrine and principles

POETRY.

From the New York Observer.
THE LAST DRUNKARD.

He stood, the last—the last of all
The ghastly, guilty band,
Whose clanking chain and cry of thrall
Once rang throughout the land.
Alone he stood—the outcast wretch,
Left only with his pain;
Of each boon friend, could memory fetch
To thought, not one again.
He stood—but where was now the host,
The mighty giant throng,
That late in columns to the lost
Had moved with gibe and song?
The hoary, yet dishonored head—
And manhood's dark locks, where?
And woman too, by error led
That broad way to despair?
Where were they all?—the sweeping blast
Had burned their life-blood up;
Health, reason, honor died, as past
The simoom of the cup!
And he alone—alone!—sad glance
Threw hurriedly around;
And earth and sky held mocking dance,
And upward came a sound—
A sound of mortal agony;
Upon his ear it fell;
A bitter and undreamed-of cry,
With mingled laugh of hell.
As it were centred in that yell
All of the misery
Which broken hearts can only tell,
Which God can only see.
It calls him! and probation past,
He shouts, "ye fiends, I come—
Open, foul pit, and take the last,
The last doomed slave of Rum!"

W. B. T.

How they do things in England.

From the Christian Witness.

RECENT JOURNEYS, &c.

NORWICH.

An English Dinner.—On the 8th of May, I went with my Norwich friends to dine with —, Esq., at the beautiful village of T—, on the sweet banks of the Yare. We met Sir R— H—, the Rev. Dean of —, a Rev. Professor from C—, another clergyman, and several other gentlemen. The dinner hour passed as usual, affording nothing worthy of record. Tea and coffee followed in course, and the evening closed in what appeared the ordinary way, with music and cards. In the card party, I was sorry to see one of the Rev. clergy, while the Dean of — stood by and watched the chances of the game. This, however, seemed to be so much a matter of course as to excite no attention except from those to whom it was a novelty to see the ambassadors of Jesus at a game of whist.

English Cathedral service. Sunday, May 11th. Attended morning service at the Cathedral. There was little difference between the manner of its performance here, and that which I witnessed at the old Collegiate church in Manchester; nor did I become any more reconciled to it. The anthem, indeed, a duet, performed by two singing boys, accompanied by a noble organ, was exquisitely sweet and touching; and being selected in reference to the recent death of a promising youth, whose grave was yet fresh in one of the aisles of the transept, and who was the son of the Rev. Mr.—, one of the Prebendaries of the Cathedral then present—it carried with it a deeply devotional and solemn spirit, in which I could have delighted even for hours to participate. The little choristers seemed to breathe out the very soul of mourning in the soft, trembling and almost sobbing tones of their voices; and it was impossible not to catch the deep—deep inspiration of the exercise. But the ordinary parts of the service were to me cold and lifeless. The Confession, the Lord's prayer, the Psalter, the anthems, the morning prayer, the Litany, and the ante-communion service, all recited in the monotonous sing-song of the Cathedral chant, may sound to other ears well enough; but to mine it was solemly painful. I could not help asking myself, was it thus that Jesus taught his disciples to pray? Was it thus that the Apostles and first Christians were accustomed to pray? I love music in worship. Sacred psalmody always to my ear breathes of heaven. But psalmody is one thing—Prayer quite another. There may be something of the nature of prayer in psalmody. But should there be any thing of the form of psalmody in prayer? Worship, when all is reading and praying, may become spiritless, and will be robbed of one of its sweetest accompaniments. But when it is all singing and chanting, it is apt to become trifling, and to put on the air of stage performance. Music is the mere accident of worship. Worship itself, in its principal parts, should be the natural, unartificial outpouring of the heart before God.

But—criticism aside—several things conspired, this morning, to rob me of the pleasure which I might otherwise have felt in the worship of a cathedral. I could not but call to mind the image worship, the confessional the masses, the processions, the entire gorgeous ceremonial of the now expelled Popery. I recollected, that three centuries ago, the arches, which were resounding to the notes of our English chants, re-echoed to the sound of Patenosters and Ave Marias, in an unknown tongue; and that the now empty recesses and cloisters around us were then full and noisy with the tread of multitudes, who spent their lives here in idle and profitless superstitions. Then I was drawn forcibly forward from the recollection of the past to the realities of the present.

My eye was strongly arrested by the lifeless, irreverent manner of some of the worshippers in my immediate neighborhood. There were choristers, minor canons, and other reverend ones, going through the service in a perfunctory manner, which evince an apparently sad absence of all heartfelt interest in it. And then, I remembered—how could I otherwise?—that only a few evenings before I had seen some of the very clergy, then kneeling or chanting by my side, deeply engaged or interested in a rubber of whist. After all this, it might have been blame-worthy to think, but I could not but be seriously annoyed by thinking, that the great work of Reformation, in which the pious ancestors of this people were once engaged, had been left, in no tridling particular, incomplete; and that much was still wanting to restore the Christian worship of God in this land, to that beautiful, yet not monotonous simplicity, which is so congenial to the spirit of the Gospel.

The sermon, which was delivered by one of the Fellows from C—, appeared to be a piece of good morals; though my distance from the speaker rendered me incapable of judging accurately of its religious and moral character. Morning service, at the Cathedral, is very long. In itself it is longer than morning service in our American churches. In its mode of performance, it is rendered still longer by the process of chanting almost the whole while it is still further prolonged by a kind of extemporaneous exercise by the preacher, immediately before sermon; in which, for five or ten minutes instead of formally praying, he calls on the congregation to pray, for the whole established order of things in the realm—for the king, queen, and all the royal family; for the nobility in its various orders; for the clergy in their different grades; for parliament; for the magistrates; for the people; for the Established Church; for the universities; for all seminaries of sound learning and good morals; and for the permanency of all the interests of peace, good order and good government in the land. Having thus called on the congregation to pray, he advances, without a pause, to the sermon itself, which, with the benediction, concludes the services of the morning. And yet, notwithstanding the great length of all these exercises, the hearers manifest no great uneasiness; but, with a certainly commendable patience, quietly sit out the whole. This almost proverbial patience of the English under long public exercises, I regard as, in some measure, the growth of a long-settled, long-established order of things. In the United States, where all is new, all changing, all crowding forward through a process of growth, all seeking some unattained result, some resting place yet unknown—a feverish restlessness is generated—an impatience of long draughts upon thought and attention. But, in England, where this process of change, of growth and of fixation has, in effect, long since ceased; and where things have, for centuries, been calmly reposing in their resting places; a corresponding composure and patience manifest themselves in the habits of the people. Hence, a service, which, among us, would be tedious in the extreme, is, among the English, sustained with the most exemplary and unassuming quiet.

In the afternoon of the day, I attended church at the little rustic village of E—; and found more satisfaction in joining with the plain and simple villagers in their humble prayers and praises, than I could have enjoyed in listening to the most finished and musical repetitions of our Liturgy within the walls and under the arches of a Cathedral. With the sermon, however, I could not be pleased. It was pleasant moralizing. But it scarcely once recognized the sinfulness of the heart,—the necessity of a thorough change,—the great doctrines of repentance and faith,—and the mighty work of the Saviour in redeeming, and of the Spirit in renewing these souls of ours, so dead in trespasses and sin.

St. Julian's Church. What were the peculiar merits of the patron of this church is not known. One thing, however, is well ascertained.—It is one of the oldest buildings in this ancient city, and stands in one of the most antiquated streets, appearing to have been half buried amidst the heaving sods of the graves, which have been swelling and crowding its little church yard for centuries of years. It dates back beyond the Norman Conquest, and its Saxon origin is indicated by a half-concealed arch, over what was once a door way in the south wall of the church. This, and that mentioned in describing the Castle, are, I believe, the only Saxon arches now known to exist in the city. High up, in the old circular tower, were shown the oaken shell of a coffin, used in conveying to the church the bodies of those, who died in the parish, during the plague, which ravaged the city in the year 1666. The Sexton, who showed it, appeared almost coeval with the melancholy relic itself. Upon our remarking, in order to account for the interest which we felt in these minute antiquities, that we came from a country where every thing is new,—that we were Americans;—the patriarch of the grave-yard—still laboring under a mistake once common in England, that all Americans are Aborigines—raised his deep sunk eye, fixed it on us with a stare of astonishment, slowly lifted his trembling hand, and exclaimed, "Are you, then, Americans, Natives?"—Well! I shall remember this. This day have mine eyes seen that, which will be well worth telling of."

S. P.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

Arrived at Buffalo, a few days since, a delegation of Cayuga Chiefs, the object of whose visit, we are informed, is for the purpose of uniting the remnant of that once powerful tribe to join the parent stem, transplanted beyond the Mississippi. We have not seen them, but report speaks favorably of their fine appearance and intelligence. Their noble spirits, it seems, had been informed that the Senecas had resolved to emigrate; and, animated by an in-

born patriotism which made no account of twenty hundred miles travel, of their own accord they incur the expense of the journey, magnanimously offering to share with their eastern brothers (who own no land) their western possessions and growing prospects.—It must be confessed, it bespeaks the prosperity and elevating tendencies of those dawning Indian communities.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

WESTERN BLACK LEGS.

It is with a view to show up the desperate character of gamblers, technically called BLACK LEGS, that the following facts are copied from the Philadelphia.

We see here what characters were the objects of indignation at Vick-burgh.

BLACK LEGS DEFEATED.

Early in the evening twilight of July 20th, our beautiful steam boat DOVER landed at the mouth of the Cumberland river to discharge some freight. Our numerous company of young men at once scattered themselves along the banks of the river for recreation, and to see the little town of Smithfield. The sight was charming to five of the black leg genry, who had landed there not long before; and they concluded there would be fine game for them on board; for who would imagine that among twenty or thirty young men none would gamble? So, when the bell rang for our departure, down came the hunters for prey, with sprightliness, their baggage and the implements of their nefarious art. Our company had taken tea; but these new comers were soon accommodated by our very obliging captain. The cabin boys knew the profession of these people at once, but to our eastern people they seemed like Methodist preachers, having assumed their costume, and ornamented their broad brimmed brown hats with a black crape badge of mourning, the better to impose on the unwary. Their conduct did not, however, comport with their attire; for they sat at table with their hats on, and began to smoke and gamble in the cabin, contrary to law, in a promiscuous company of ladies and gentlemen. Our captain requested them to desist, but they asserted the liberty of doing as they pleased, until they were made to know that he commanded in his own ship. He informed them that he would not have the comfort of his passengers invaded by any disorderly conduct, and that if they wished to gamble they had mistaken their company. With an ill grace, and much grumbling, they retired to the fore-castle to finish their smoking. Two of them there recounted one of their former exploits, in which they had been put ashore, and had a boat in which they long pursued the steamer, which had done them indignity, with a sworn intention of burning her. Soon after the ringleader in the companion way, damned the boat and her captain, saying that she would get little custom in these waters, if she followed the moral notions of the Eastern people. Capt. Baldwin, as brave as Julius Caesar, bore the insolence of the fellow for some time, and then told him to "go below." He refused; and with his left hand the Captain hurled him down the stairs. With a sword cane in his hand he endeavored to ascend, in resistance of orders, but the Captain wrenched the sword out of his hand and threw it overboard; at the same time seizing a chair, he broke it over his head, commanding him to "keep below." "Why Captain," said he in a coaxing tone, "do you beat my head to pieces?"—"Keep below!"—"Hav'n't I behaved myself peaceably? Don't beat me so," said he, while endeavoring to ascend and get near the Captain. "He'll stab him," cried one of the passengers. "I've got no knife," exclaimed the black leg; and at the same instant unsheathed a butcher knife, twelve inches long, from its glittering case, and made a blow at the heart of the Captain. Some one gave his left arm a blow which made him drop his cane from his hand. The Captain caught the right hand, which held the knife, much resembling a Turkish scimitar; and in the same instant Mr. McGunegle, of St. Louis, forced the deadly weapon out of his grasp. A gun was then handed the Captain, and the disarmed ruffian was compelled to keep below. One of his comrades attempted, at one moment of the affray, to seize the Captain, while keeping his opponent from ascending; but a fellow passenger interfered, and told him, much to his discomfort, that he was one of the same gang.—All of them, doubtless, being intimidated by the force of men on the right side of the controversy, thought it prudent to keep aloof.

A few minutes after the contest was ended, the offender was landed in the darkness of night on the Illinois side of the Ohio. He swore that he would be the last man the Captain should ever live to put ashore, and that he would shoot him whenever he should see him. At the mouth of the Tennessee river, on the Kentucky side, the other members of this black leg company left us, with feelings of mortification that they had come their twelve miles without any success in their business. Here we were detained until midnight, in landing merchandise. Apprehending an attack, provided these desperadoes could find sufficient help, our fellow passengers, who had them, and the commander of the boat, loaded all their rifles, fowling pieces and pistols.—The good people of Kentucky were not inclined, we believe, to countenance such a set of knaves; and so, when we had loosed from the shore, the well known voice of him who had drawn the stiletto, exclaimed, from the top of the bank, "come ashore Captain, if you dare! I'll give you five hundred dollars if you will once come ashore." No one of us felt disposed to court needless danger; and so we all heard, without heeding him. In a few minutes the steam propelled us from the sound of his frequently repeated challenge. In his hurry to the woods he left his *Faro* bank behind him, with his ivory counters, and three or four packs of marked cards. These were committed to the river. The knife, it is to be hoped, the Captain will keep in the Dover, as a token of his remarkable deliverance from the hands of a

murderous black leg; and now and then employ it in carving a fine fat turkey.

We are pleased to add, that a right spirit of sound morality is more and more discovering itself in the Great West; that the fashion of gambling and drinking is beginning to be generally detested; and that a few such determined men of bravery and moderation as Captain Baldwin, could work wonders of reformation on the mighty rivers of our land.

THE FINE TURKEY.

In ascending the Mississippi, on the 23d of July, a large flock of wild turkeys stood so long on the bank of the river, gazing at our steam boat, that the Captain cut the throat of one of them with a ball which he had committed to his rifle in self defence against the black leg. The turkey came to the table two hours after, and was a delicious one; but the Captain would not consent even to cut up a turkey with the knife intended to butcher men.

"FOAMING."

A few days since, we received the following communication through the Post Office. The note referred to, was a circular notice of the General Southern Temperance Convention on the 4th of Nov. next. We publish it for the purpose of showing our friends in Georgia, that there is yet work to be done there. We print *per. et al.*

THOMASTON UPSON COUNTY GEORGIA, }
July 20th, 1835. }

SIR,—Your polite note has been handed me by the post master at this place, this will inform you that temperance Societies is made of such bad materials that there advocates in this section has pore success, as for circulating your note, it will be put, where it ought to be, the people advocate temperance here in all things, but some people has made some fuss about temperance, that it appears that they think if they are in a temperance society that, that is all that is required to save there souls, as such a large portion of the citizens of whom as will as throughout—this state against it. So keep your note till further notice.

T. MABRY

The chief dealer in spits at Thomaston, and superintendant in the post office here.

EGYPTIAN BRICKS.

"Pray, father, did you observe the brick-makers on the side of the hill, just as you came into the village?"

"Yes, I have often stood for a few moments, to remark with how much diligence and cheerfulness they labor."

But, father, I looked at them to see if they used any straw; you know, it is said, that Pharaoh commanded the children of Israel to make bricks without giving them straw, and that this was a great hardship."

"So it was, on many accounts, which I cannot mention now. But the bricks in Egypt were somewhat different from ours. A quantity of straw was usually mixed with the clay."

"I will tell you, Henry, somewhat about it. Do you recollect the command which Pharaoh gave to the task masters whom he set over the children of Israel?"

"Yes," said he; "ye shall no more give the people straw as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves."

"This is plain proof that straw was then employed in making bricks. The Scripture account is confirmed by the statement of travellers. 'The eastern bricks,' says John Chardin, 'are only clay, well moistened with water, mixed with straw, and dried in the sun.' So, it seems, that walls built with them would be little better than those built with beaten earth or mud among ourselves. Dr. Shaw tells us, that some of the Egyptian pyramids are made of brick, the composition whereof is only a mixture of clay, mud and straw, mixed together, and afterwards baked in the sun.—The straw which keeps these bricks together, and still preserves its original color, seems to be a proof that these bricks were never burnt or made in kilns. Another traveller, speaking of Cairo, in Egypt, says, 'that the houses, for the most part, are of bricks, which are only hardened by the heat of the sun, and mixed with straw to make them firm.' The Chinese, also, use much straw in making their bricks."

"How much these accounts explain Scripture."

"They do, Henry; but they do not only explain it, they also explain the truth of it."

"But did you ever see any of these bricks yourself?"

"Yes, many have been brought to England by travellers, and are preserved as curiosities."

—Draper's Bible Illustrations.

FOOLISH WAYS.

Some fifteen years since, I said to an old negro belonging to a relative of the family in which I lived, "Well Sam, you have a mighty good dog here, have you not?" "Yes, maser," said Sam, "he mighty good dog, only he got some mighty foolish ways." Thousands of times I have since thought of old Sam's words; and in a thousand instances I have felt that they had a far more extended application than at first sight might appear.

When I have seen a man in all the vigor of life, the father of a family, possessed of a comfortable estate, the husband of a kind confiding wife, a good neighbor and citizen, and yet spending much time and money at the tavern for ardent spirit—poor man, I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen ministers of the gospel and professors of religion oppose temperance societies, and defend ardent spirit as a good creature of God—calling members of temperance societies fanatics, enthusiasts, hypocrites, &c. poor men, I have said, "they have some mighty foolish ways."

NEW POCKET ALMANAC.

JUST published and for sale by the subscribers, THE LADY'S ALMANAC, THE MECHANIC'S ALMANAC, and THE MERCHANT'S ALMANAC, for 1836, calculated for the meridians of New York and Boston. Each Almanac contains a variety of useful tables not found in any work of the kind extant, and of a size very convenient for carrying in a wallet. The LADY'S ALMANAC contains—1st, a Table showing the amount of any article from 1 cent per pound, yard, and gallon, to \$5—very convenient for house keepers and others. 2d, a Wood Table—3d, Work Table—4th, Interest Table—5th, Board and Working Table—6th Table of Gold Currency—and 7th, Value of the currency of the several states, in dollars and cents.

The MECHANIC'S, and MERCHANT'S Almanacs contain, each, 1st, a Note Table, showing at a glance of the eye when a note becomes due—2d, a Bank Interest Table very convenient—3d, a Board Table. This table is very useful for one keeping boards, or any thing, by the week. It gives the amount of any number of days from 1 to 7, at from 123 cents to \$12 per week. 4th, a Wood Table, very convenient for wood sellers and buyers. By this table they may determine at once the price for any given quantity of wood, at any price per cord. 5th, a Work Table, calculated for 6 days in the week—very convenient for house keepers, and those connected with factories, either as overseers or laborers. 6th, a Table showing the value of Gold Coins, as established by an act of Congress, Jan. 1834—calculated and arranged according to the rule in use in the U. S. Mint for estimating the value of Gold Coin. By this table is shown, 1st, the value of all American coin, and 2d, the names and value of all the gold coin of England, France, South America, Mexico, Portugal and Spain, in dollars and cents. This table is indispensable at the present time, as a gold currency is being introduced in the United States. 7th, a Table showing the value of the currency of the several states, in dollars and cents.

CANFIELD & ROBINS.

September 19, 1835.

Etna Insurance Company,
Incorporated for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a Capital of \$200,000, secured and tested in the best possible manner.—

OFFER to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices. The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The office of the Company is kept at the East door of TREAT'S Exchange Coffee House, State Street, where a constant attendance is given for accommodation of the public.

The Directors of the Company are—

Thomas K. Brace,	Joseph Pratt,
Henry L. Ellsworth,	George Beach,
Thomas Bolden,	Stephen Spencer,
Samuel Tudor,	James Thomas,
Henry Kilbourn,	Eliza Peck,
Griffin Steadman,	Daniel Burgess,
Joseph Morgan,	Ward Woodbridge,
Elisha Dodd,	Joseph Church,
Jesse Savage,	

THOMAS K. BRACE, President.
JAMES M. GOODWIN, Secretary.

SABBATH SCHOOL TREASURY.

THIS Periodical has been published several years under the direction of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union. The Society has now become a Baptist Institution, and the Treasury will continue to be published under its direction.

According to the original proposals each number will contain at least twenty-four pages.

The object of the Sabbath School Treasury is to interest children, Sabbath School teachers, parents and pastors, and excite all to active effort in the promotion of Sabbath Schools. Every one must perceive the importance of such a work to the Baptist denomination. It is the only one in that denomination, intended especially for Sabbath Schools, that we know of in the country. Shall it not be amply sustained?

Any pastor, superintendent, or teacher, who will forward the names of eight subscribers, and become responsible for the same, shall receive the ninth copy gratis, and the same proportion for a larger number. It is particularly desirable that those who wish to discontinue the Treasury should give notice as soon as the first of December.

All communications relating to the editorial concerns of this work, should be addressed to F. H. Purkitt, Secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Sabbath School Union, No. 47, Cornhill, Boston.

CANFIELD & ROBINS, Booksellers, Main-st., Hartford, are Agents for the State of Connecticut, to whom remittances of money, or orders for the work may be addressed.

July 15.

LEWIS BLISS

OFFERS his services to the public as an Agent for the purchase and sale of property of every description, Real and Personal, on Commission, and for the negotiation of loans. He has taken the office in Asylum street, recently occupied by Jonathan Edwards Esq., where he will attend to any business with which he may be favored.

For evidence of his integrity and capacity for business, he has permission to refer to

The Hon. NATHANIEL TERRY,	
" " THOMAS S. WILLIAMS,	
" " JOSEPH TRUMBULL,	
JAMES H. WELLS,	
CHARLES S. JOURNAL,	
GEORGE BEACH,	
WARD WOODBRIDGE,	
WALTER MITCHELL,	Esquires.

31

Baptist Tract Depository.

THE subscribers have been appointed the agents of the Baptist General Tract Depository for the Connecticut Branch, and have taken measures that will secure a constant supply of all the Tracts published by the Society. The public will be furnished with Tracts, on application at the Bookstore of the subscribers, directly west of the state-house, Main-street, Hartford.

CANFIELD & ROBINS.

Also, constantly for sale as above,
Lincoln's Questions, for Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes: American S. S. Union Questions; and Malcom's Bible Dictionary—together with a large assortment of Books suitable for S. S. Libraries.

Among the publications connected with the Tract Depository, are—Letters of DAVID and JOHN, containing animadversions upon the Lectures of Dr. Woods on Infant Baptism; Vindication of the Baptists from the charge of bigotry in refusing Communion at the Lord's Table to those whom they esteem unbaptized. By Abraham Booth, D. D. Terms of Communion, by S. H. Cone. Scripture Manual of Baptism, by Rev. Samuel Wilson. Pennygill's Scripture Guide to Baptism. Peter & Benjamin. Reflections against the Baptists refuted, by Daniel Sharp, D. D. Practical uses of Baptism.

THE subscribers have been appointed agents for the NEW YORK MIRROR, and will receive subscriptions at their Bookstore, directly west of the State House, Main-street.

CANFIELD & ROBINS.